

the crippled kid

we'd let him
panhandle street
corners 3
4 hours before
we laid for him
& his pocketful
of change we'd
catch him between
exchange buffet
tap & chicago
street alley
where one of us
would take one
crutch & let
him do a bum
leg dance on ice
w/the other he'd
yell you bastards
but knew it was
a game we all
played he had to
pay us half for
using our corners
tho sometimes we
laughed & threw
that goddam crutch
across iced as
phalt watch it hit
black snow